PS 3521
.E26 I3

1900

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00002956172

C377
398

IDYLS OF EL DORADO

BY CHARLES KEELER



A. M. ROBERTSON
San Francisco
MCM

LIST OF TITLES

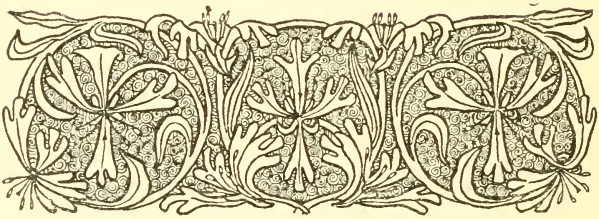
	Page
The Dreamer and the Doer	1
Ode to the Pacific	3
To a Redwood Tree	5
Along Shore	7
A Dream of El Dorado	9
Invocation to California	11
To an Alaskan Glacier	12
New Year's Eve, 1900	14
The Way of the World	17
On Alaskan Waters	18
To a Mourning Dove	19
In the Cañon	20
From the Hills Beyond the Bay	21
On Hearing Music in the Woods	22
Maiden Golden Hair	24
Alone at Monterey	25
A Song	26
At Kadiak, Alaska	27
A Summer Day	29
San Francisco from Afar	30
June in the Woodland	31
A Song of the Hills	32
To the University of California	33
Joy of the Passing Day	34
Autumn in the Sierras	35
The Night Fog	36
The North Wind	38
The Drouth	39
The Coming of the Rain	40

Page

A Vision of the West 41
A Voice on the Wind 48
An Idyl of the Pines 49

WOODLAND TALES HESPERIAN

Induction 59
How Shasta Won the Fire 61
Colias and Godetia 67
The Descent of Boreas 73
Avila and Sturnellus 80
The War of the Titans 83
The Mist Maidens 89
Address to the God of Light 95



IDYLS OF EL DORADO



THE DREAMER AND THE DOER

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.—St. John.

Back of every mighty action stands the planner with his plan,—
First the dreamer, then the doer; first the Maker, then the man.
Shall we lower rate achievements of the brain than of the hand?
All we do is of the spirit if we rightly understand.

When the voice of Science tells us how through ages man has grown,
How the earth is still in making, how the past is all our own,
Shall we therefore count it lightly that the world was first a word,
Spoken in a void of silence, by the startled atoms heard?

For the world is still unfolding what the primal Master planned,
Through eternity completing one sublimely thought command.
And the dreamer *is* the doer if he dreameth aught aright,
For his thought shall grow to action and his word shall be the light.



ODE TO THE PACIFIC

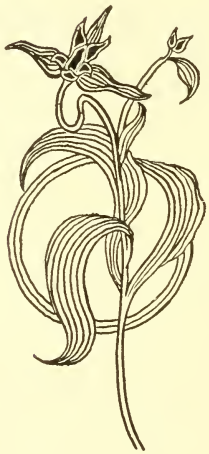
Ocean of oceans, mother of all seas,
 Blue wilderness of passion and of peace,
 Hoarse nursling of rude storms — thy wild increase —
O'er far leagues shelterless, o'er placid leas
 Augustly swaying with majestic grace
 All lesser monarchs of the watery race,
In thy vast breast are pent all nations' destinies!

Here shall the drama of the world to be
 Find theater to fit its mighty play;
 The leaguered hosts are storming round Cathay—
Saxon and Cossac strive for empery,
 But still in foam thy heedless tide is tossed,
 For though all nations be with ruin crossed
Still shall thy royal trumpets echo full and free.

From cape of storms beneath the cross of night
 To that north sea where rove the Arctic floes,
 Thy wind in unimpeded passion blows,
Thy waves unbridled onward urge their flight;
 But 'neath the turmoil all is calm and still;
 Thy mystic depths of silence scarcely thrill
Though nations battle on thy tide for wrong or right.

Thy realm is highway to the East and West,
 And here the fleets of Christendom shall ride,
 Bearing their burdens o'er thy bounding tide,

By storms high tossed, by lulling waves caressed;
But thou shalt claim fond fealty of all
And rouse the nations with thy stirring call,
O mighty ocean, with thy proudly heaving breast!



TO A REDWOOD TREE

Praise be to thee,
O time-wrought monument!
Praise be to thee,
O sky-supporting pillar!
The stars that shine above thee,
The earth that dreams below thee,
The mountains that have borne thee,—
All loud proclaim thy glory,
All chant to thee their choral.

Thy shaft is as a column
Of heav'n's wide arch of azure,
Thy boughs are spread about thee
In stately sweeps of verdure;
Thy form is robed in splendor,
With majesty invested—
O praise be unto thee,
Fair monument of time!

The winds are thy companions,
The skies bend round thy branches,
The earth supports thy vastness,—
And all day long the soft winds sigh
Their song of praise to thee,
And all the night the wild winds weep
Amid thy shelt'ring arms.

O tree of trees,
O monarch of the grove,
The mountains sound thy praises,

The birds declare thy glory,
The brooks proclaim thy wonder,—
And all day long the sweet springs sing
To thee their liquid lays,
And all the night they sob beneath
Thy broad, protecting arms.

Thou watcher over birds,
Thou guardian of flowers,
Praise be to thee
For all thy tender care!
The white fog steals amid thy shade,
The sun streams dimly through,
The darkness falls about thy boughs;
The solemn night is near,
But through its slumbering calm is heard
Thy hymning strains on high!



ALONG SHORE

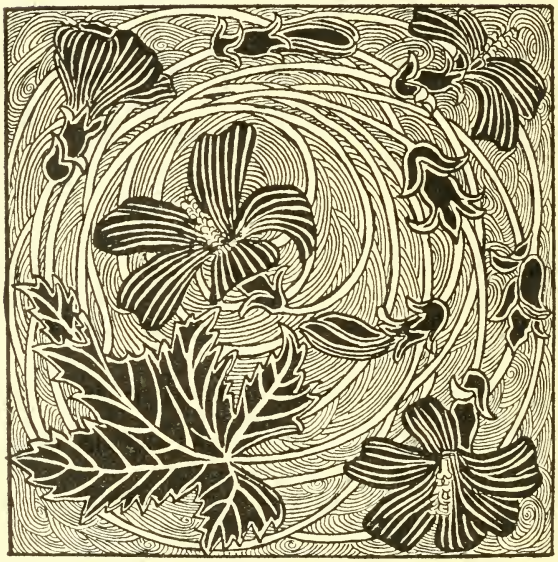
The salt tide glances as sunbeams break on its wind-stirred breast,
And a sail-furled fleet from the strife of the deep set free lies at rest;
In the wavering smoke stand the towers and spires of the city of hills,
And an impulse of life on the long shore line through the sea-mist thrills.

A steamer is pointing its high, sharp prow to the open sea,
A tug pants by with deep-voiced cry blown far and free;
At the docks is a forest of masts with a maze of cordage and spars,
And the flags of the nations are fluttering there 'mid the stripes and the stars.

The sun rolls off in the mist o'er the black-scarred brow of the town,
And the fog for an instant is burnished with gold like a vanishing crown;
Then one by one along shore shine the lights where the ebb-tide laves,
Red and green 'mid the gold constellations that ripple their glow on the waves.

But the waves moan faintly of battles that busy the world afar,
And the echoes of strife impending the peace of the evening mar.

I know not what burden of commerce the great sea
bears on its tide,
But O for the burden of sorrow that follows the spirit
of pride!



A DREAM OF EL DORADO

In a dream world I am drifting
 Down the misty plains of time,
And I see a pageant shifting
 'Mid the measures of my rhyme,—
Caballeros proudly riding,
Out of mystic cañons gliding;
On their Arab chargers prancing
With their spears and sabers glancing
 Gaily as in olden time.

There are padres solemn chanting
 Vespers in the evening light,
As the sun's last rays are slanting
 On their crucifixes bright,
While the mission bells are ringing
And the neophytes are singing,
As the golden mist comes sweeping
From the solemn sea, low weeping
 In the early hush of night.

On the harbor's heaving water
 Rides a gallant Spanish ship,
And the commandante's daughter
 Lingers there with trembling lip,
For her cavalier is calling
And the night about is falling,
While the purple sails are filling
And her heart with grief is thrilling
 With the vessel's rise and dip.

Adios, O love-lorn maiden,
 Sail adown the leaden tide!
Precious is thy vessel, laden
 With a prince's peerless bride.
Leave the golden shore behind thee,
May no bitter thought remind thee
Of the rapture that has vanished,
From thy El Dorado banished
 By thy father's haughty pride.

El Dorado with its golden
 Sands beside the shining sea,
With its splendor in the olden
 Days of caballeros free,—
With its wealth of hidden treasure,
With its passion and its pleasure,—
How its spell about us dallies,
Haunting coast and peaks and valleys
 With its mystic chivalry!



INVOCATION TO CALIFORNIA

Guerdon of gold of the sun is thy treasure
From glist'ning Sierra to foam of the ocean,
With fair flower-children in hosts beyond measure
To yield thee their beauty with boundless devotion!

Royal the reaches of wheat in the valley!
Abundance has blessed the wide wastes of the plain,
And hosts of the strong-handed harvesters rally
At dawn-flush to garner the glittering grain.

Full hang thy orchards with fruitage of summer,
Thy citrons 'mid blossoms bless winter and spring,
But autumn, the radiant year-cycle's last comer,
Bears, clustered in purple, the grape which is king.

Gold, in thy rock-girded fastnesses hidden,
The magic of science shall wrest from its store;
Insatiate progress, advancing, has bidden
That bounty of earth be for man evermore:

For man as a trust and a torch, not to squander
In riotous revel through profitless years,
But a power that bids him to pause and to ponder
On being and beauty, on triumph and tears!

Here, here where the breezes of freedom are blowing,
Shall beauty burst full into flow'rage to-day,
And the will to do right shall, in proud hearts, be growing,
With might to command and with strength to obey.

TO AN ALASKAN GLACIER

Out of the cloud-world sweeps thy awful form,
Vast frozen river, fostered by the storm
Upon the drear peak's snow-encumbered crest,
Thy sides deep grinding in the mountain's breast
As down its slopes thou plowest to the sea
To leap into thy mother's arms, and be
There cradled into nothingness. How slow,
How imperceptible, thy ceaseless flow,
As one with an eternity unspent
Wherein to round thy task of wonderment!
Thy strength resistless is as will of fate;
The granite ground to sand beneath thy weight,
The mountains hollowed out with furrows deep,
The sculptured peaks that totter from their steep,
All bear the matchless impress of thy skill,
Grim mountain hewer! With a sudden thrill
Great bergs crash thunderously beneath the tide,
And, slow emerging, o'er the waters ride
Like boats of pearl slow floating to their doom,
Which, fondly, the soft lapping waves consume.

I walked erstwhile upon thy frozen waves,
And heard the streams amid thy ice-locked caves;
I peered down thy crevasses blue and dim,
Standing in awe upon the dizzy rim.
Beyond me lay the inlet still and blue,
Behind, the mountains loomed upon the view
Like storm-wraiths gathered from the low-hung sky.
A gust of wind swept past with heavy sigh,

And lo! I listened to the ice-stream's song
Of winter, when the nights grow dark and long,
And bright stars flash above thy fields of snow,
The cold waste sparkling in the pallid glow,
Or, when the storms wail round thy peaks and spires,
Playing weird notes upon thy ice-wrought lyres
Until the shuddering pinnacles, astrain,
Tumble and crash amidst the seething main.
Years, centuries and eons thou hast known,
Waxing and waning in the wilds alone,
Hoar mountain sculptor, shaper of the earth!
The crystals of the snow which gave thee birth,
Renewing still thy life, are o'er thee spread,
And, as they fall, thou quiverest in thy bed,
Stretching thy vastness down its narrow way
And roaring like a god in fierce dismay;
Thus prisoned, eager in one mighty throe
To leap into the sea and end thy woe!

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1900

Round swings the world until the curtained sun
In leaden mist is lost beneath the sea;
Upon this Western shore the day is done,
And with the day a year has ceased to be.

Time looks not backward in its flight sublime,
But, as the earth spins on from hour to hour,
Sweeps forward grandly toward its golden prime
And out of chaos shapes a world of power.

O, night that marks time's madly speeding course,
Within the shadow of thy vasty deep
Are pent new centuries of endless force
That wait in sequence o'er the world to sweep.

What triumphs shall they bring and what defeat
In these wide spirit-halls of mighty earth?
This year two peerless cycles proudly meet,
And may the new prove worthy of its birth!

Bethink thee, brothers, how the ages run,
Bethink thee how the dizzy cycles roll,
As each new year sweeps round the radiant sun,
And Fate holds up on high her flaming scroll!

Shall Fate's stern finger point in silent scorn
When in the scales the centuries are weighed?
Shall you and I be judged that awful morn,
And shall we hear our summons unafraid?

Come, then, O brothers, ere the age be spent,
 Let us be up and doing while we may,
To spread a spirit of sublime content,
 To build the promise of a purer day.

Of old stood Babylon beside the stream
 And Athens reared her pillared temples fair,
But lo! they vanished like a summer dream; —
 O, living age, forget not and beware!

Yet would I not see men too fondly turn
 In backward gaze, nor rest with what is done;
Still forward must our eager longings yearn,
 Still greater victories must yet be won.

The new year dawns with plenty and with peace
 On these blest shores, these teeming hills and plains;
The fertile fields are ripe for their increase
 And smile in welcome to abundant rains.

But Saxon armies fight on distant strands: —
 England, America, with shot and shell
March in the wilderness of hostile lands,
 The Filipino and the Boer to quell.

O God, it is a fearful die to cast
 When growing nations clash with rights of man!
The challenge "Progress!" round the world has passed
 As ne'er before since time's swift course began.

The weak must die, the low be swept away,
 For sterner stock is scattered o'er the earth;
But shall we in our heart of hearts not say,
 "'Tis not for you and me to judge men's worth?"

O Judge of judges, may Thy will prevail!
And if the law of progress be fulfilled,
O never may its march of triumph fail
To listen to Thy counsel, love enthrilled!

May Christ in countless men be born this year
To do their Father's bidding near and far!
New cycles call us forward without fear
While o'er us shines in heav'n love's guiding star!



THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way,
Though hearts may break and lives may fail,
Though rosy cheeks grow wan and pale,
We do but as we may, my dear,
We do but as we may!

The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way;
And some rejoice while others weep,
And some have sown who may not reap;
For time bears all away, my dear,
For time bears all away!

The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way;
But, spite of cares and spite of tears,
A mighty purpose thrills the years,
And who would say it nay, my dear,
And who would say it nay?

ON ALASKAN WATERS

Fiords of the West's north shore, where peaks austere
 Are cloudward thrust, enrobed in glist'ning snow,
 With ice-streams hoar that slowly tideward flow,
Sculpturing their cliffs and crags that proudly rear
Their pinnacles amid the heights of fear,—
 Your wonders round my wildered senses grow
 As still they shift and added splendors show
Where green hills past the sparkling sea appear.

What joy is this, to float upon the tide,
 So blue, so beautiful, past shores that rise
 Like portals to enchantment's fair demesne,
'Mid islets forested to gently glide,
Where every turn is rife with glad surprise
 And fancy revels in the changing scene.



TO A MOURNING DOVE

Summer has come with sun-seared valleys wide,
The birds are all a-hushed in noon-day heat;
The [illegible]ers linger by the streamlet's side,
When sounds the dove's fond, liquid murmur, sweet.

Fleet-winged haunter of June's golden plain,
There is in thy sweet-murmured, lingering notes
Such dreamy love, such spell of brooding pain
As throbs from out no other birdling throats.

I love thy quivering cry on flashing wing,
I love the mournful rapture of thy call!
Though other birds with strains elate may sing,
Some heavy sorrow holds thy heart in thrall.

Methinks thou art a high-born maiden, spelled
In faery day for thy dear love's despite;
Thy heart's fond passion still lives on unquelled,
Only thy maiden form has vanished quite.

O couldst thou have my lips thy grief to speak,
What passion, what wild plaint we then should hear!
Now tremble from thy tender little beak
No strains save dreamy notes of longing drear.

IN THE CAÑON

I sat on the bole of a laurel tree,
The wren was my only guest,
And the wind blew free with the witchery
Of a spirit of sweet unrest.

It ruffled the wren's prim breast and fled,
It trembled the hazel spray,
It rustled the bed of sere leaves, spread
O'er the path in its winding way.

Aloft in the lattice of green and blue,
Where the sky and leaves enwove,
The sun burst through, and its radiance grew
To a golden lamp in the grove.

Methought I saw in the golden gleams
A flash as of spirit wings;
Lo! the whole grove teems with the host of dreams
And the choir celestial sings!

It sings to the leaves upreached in prayer,
It chants to the blithesome birds;
Its sweet tones bear a message rare
Of love too deep for words.

FROM THE HILLS BEYOND THE BAY

A NOCTURNE

The great world slumbers, silent at my feet.
Hushed is the air; the cañon's breezes, sweet,
Through mossëd oaks breathe low their night refrain,
Down wandering to the dark of dreaming plain.

High in the domed serene the orb of night
Shines 'tween the cloud-host's wings of milky white;
Athwart the bay its pale effulgence gleams,
Lighting the Gate of Gold with mystic beams.

Through that gold gate, at sea behold, a star
Flashes its beacon from an islet far!
Quivering like some fair spectre of desire —
Some spirit phantom robed in flashing fire.

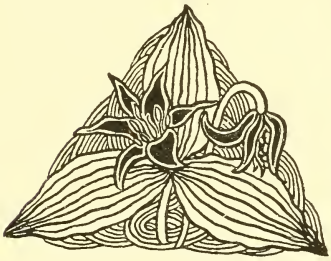
Ah, clearly through the Golden Gate of dreams
A star across the night of slumber streams!
And when I waken I shall call it mine,
Clasping it next my heart in close entwine.

No beacon for a vessel drifting lone,
By alien breezes o'er the ocean blown,
Shall be my star, but in the blue above
An orb of light — a world of joy and love.

ON HEARING MUSIC IN THE WOODS

Lying 'neath the greenwood tree
What a pageant I did see,—
Sunlight's play of golden green,
Purple shades that lurked between
Mighty shafts with tops a-sway,
While each drooping fringëd spray
Tossed before the summer breeze,
Making music sweet to please
Squirrel lithe or sporting bird:
Such a stir of leaves I heard,
Such a sweep æolean!
Then the swelling pulse of man
Throbbed in rhythmic melodies
From the magic of the keys.
Strains of great Beethoven rang
While the birds above me sang,
And my spirit caught his fire,
Thrilling through the woodland choir,—
Caught the sorrow of his strain,
Caught the triumph over pain.
Faster swept the tones and faster
With the passion of the master,
Till my quiet woodland bower
Trembled with his awful power,
Shook as with the trump of fate
Blown by angels at the gate,
While the wind's low sigh had grown
To a mighty spirit moan,
To the murmur of the dead

Floating from the blue o'erhead,
With celestial whisperings.
There was parl of cloudy kings,
Clash of arms and warring cries,
Strains of peace and maiden sighs.
Then the mighty music ended
But my spirit still contended
Till the busy stir of life
Drew my fancy from the strife,
Drew me to the rippling green
Round my woodland bow'r serene.



MAIDEN GOLDEN HAIR

Sweet maiden Golden Hair! —
Never shone half so fair
Sun in the morning mist,
Glowing 'mid amethyst,
As thy sweet presence shines full upon me.

Songs of the birds that pass,
Reed pipes of ocean grass,
Plashing of mountain rill,
Redwoods with joy athrill, —
All chant thy praise by the West's golden sea.

Sweet maiden Golden Hair,
Since thy fond spirit rare
Rose in my firmament,
Stars through the darkness sprent
Waned in the azure beneath thy clear gaze.

Shadows of clouds above
Brighten through perfect love,
Discords of music blend,
Echoes no more contend,
Shaped by thy presence to pæans of praise.

ALONE AT MONTEREY

The sea throbs faintly at my feet,
 Amid the rocks it swashes low,
 In pale green sweeps
 And purple deeps
It undulates with tireless beat,
 It pulses in unending flow.

All green and brown the seaweed clings
 To pallid rocks, wave-worn and grim;
 The mountains rise
 To misty skies,
The wind amid the cypress sings,
 And sea-birds wander dark and dim.

O might I on their pinions span
 The misty leagues 'twixt thee and me,
 Above the foam
 My love I'd roam;
With tireless wings the air I'd fan
 Until I rested safe with thee!

A SONG

O well-a-day, well-a-day, summer is merry
And my love hath a mouth like a wild ripe berry,
With her sun-burnt cheeks and her wind-tossed tresses,
That flutter to welcome the breezes' caresses.

O well-a-day, well-a-day, we went a-straying
Where flowers were blooming and birdlings a-playing.
I laughed with my love while the birdies sang nigh us
And the sweet-voiced stream went a-pattering by us.

O well-a-day, well-a-day, youth is soon over
For time is a thief and the year is a rover!
So fondly I kissed my love, laughing in glee,
And under the oak bough my dearie kissed me!



AT KADIAK, ALASKA

Read on the Harriman Expedition, July 4, 1899.

Is this the wilderness — these green-sward hills,
These wastes of lupine, wind-flower and of rose,
These slopes of heather by the mountain rills
O'erhung by skies of gold through day's slow close,
Where one long lotus dream obscures all human woes?

Here sing the birds on height and in the glade;
The warblers flash afield like waifs of gold,
The thrushes chant their vespers in the shade,
The northern robin's pipe afar is rolled,
While in the Russian church the bells are clanged and tolled.

We rovers, tarrying here this festal day,
Still see the flag of home wave proud on high,
Still find a welcome on our seaward way,
For where the flag waves, home and friends are nigh; —
The eagle flaps his wings and makes exultant cry.

His cry is liberty as heaven's high dome
He scales on peerless wing, and we in kind
Shout back our answer as we westward roam,
Trusting our voicing to the heedless wind
That haunts the misty sea, a pilgrim lost and blind.

Call ye this liberty, where law's strong hand
In nerveless palsy falters over wrong —
Sing ye of freedom in a lawless land?

The very winds shall mock your idle song
And in a wail each syllable of pain prolong.

We who have failed to rule a wilderness
Now preach of liberty in tropic seas;
Forsooth our sway the Orient hordes shall bless
While politicians trim to every breeze,—
O God, must our dear sons be slain, such men to please?

O, teach us in this wilderness Thy ways,
And by the mountains let Thy law be sung;
No work of man endures which disobeys
Thy bidding; every clod shall find a tongue,
And liberty by bells innumerous be rung.



A SUMMER DAY

The rain is over
And grass and clover
 On rolling hill
Are brown and yellow,
While fruit grows mellow
 For lip and bill.

The dust is flying;
Wild flowers are dying
 Beside the way.
Fledglings are winging;
The brook's sweet singing
 Is stilled to-day.

The buzzard is wheeling
Where sea-mist stealing
 Enfolds its wings;
The night is falling
While thrush, loud calling,
 His matin sings.



SAN FRANCISCO FROM AFAR

The jays laugh shrill, the flicker calls,
And — hush! the silken sweeping breeze
'Mid oak boughs rustling swells and falls;
Far spreads the plain 'neath branchëd trees.

The waning sun with silver glow
Is flashed upon the water wide,
And stately ships are drifting slow
Across the sparkling reach of tide.

How peaceful seems the scene outspread —
But O the city's line of blue,
What hopes and fears there nourishëd
Are panting 'neath my placid view!



JUNE IN THE WOODLAND

Vireo on oak bough,
 Swallow on the wing,
Sun upon the glistening stream,
 Joy in everything!

Stirrings in the trout pool,
 Whir of wings above,
Insects humming in the trees,
 Distant coo of dove!

Blossoms on the buckeye,
 Perfuming the breeze,
Murmurs of the rippling brook,
 Voices from the trees!

Love amid the tree-tops,
 Love amid the vale,
Bill to bill, as lip to lip,
 Tells the tender tale!

A SONG OF THE HILLS

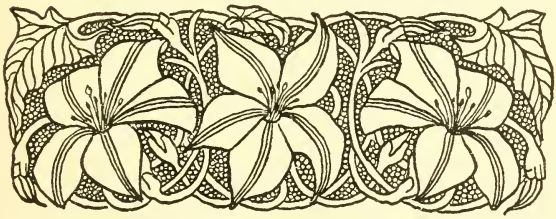
O, 'twas over the hills of gold and green
And under the bright blue sky
We danced away
At the break of day
To sing where the poppies their cups did lean,
To shout as a hawk swept proudly by.

O, 'twas hand in hand that we danced along
To the shadowy, fern-paved dell,
Where the trilium swayed
In the cool, sweet glade,
Seeming to answer our happy song
With its tender blessing, "All's well, all's well!"

We loitered in passing beneath the trees
And joined in the wind's low prayer,
We whispered our love
While the breezes above
Murmured to me, "Louise, Louise,"
And methought 'twas of all fair days most fair.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Here, where the gentle hand of God, outspread
 In benediction, has bestowed such blue
 And purple mist upon the bay, such view
Of ocean far through golden portals led,
Or, in the gloaming, such a royal red,
 Sweeping the tide and spreading high its hue
 Like banners of Cathay flung wide, there grew
A consecrated pile to learning wed.
O may the stones here reared make mute appeal
 With their dumb eloquence for beauty's dower,
And may they be the center, whence shall steal
 A presence through the land, a might, a power
Shaping the West to ends more fair and strong,
Finding expression meet in toil and song.



JOY OF THE PASSING DAY

O for a lilt of the lark on the lea
And the oriole's caroling, joyous and free!
Sing cheerily, cheerily, lightsome and loud,
Summer is round us with never a cloud!

O for a song of my love in the home,
And the laughter of children at play in the gloam!
Sweet sound my birdlings, their pinions half grown,
But O should I waken to find they had flown!



AUTUMN IN THE SIERRAS

The gentle summer zephyrs yield their sway
To blustering blasts that down the frigid stream
Of high Sierra glacier bear dismay
To tender foliage when autumn's gleam
Of golden sun has lost its quick'ning charm
And fails the frost king's legions to disarm,
As on they bear their flags in bright array.

The pine trees sway their tasseled boughs aloft
As rude winds revel at their wanton will,
Making wild music 'mid their tops, while oft
The lone woodpecker calls in accents shrill
And asters tremble with foreboding fear.
The streamlet sobs while all the leaflets dear
Are fluttering to the earth with wailings soft.

The mice beside the runnels seek retreat,
The prudent squirrel finds his winter nest,
The swallows wing them south on pinions fleet,
The flowers shrink upon their mother's breast.
Now sobs the cold bleak rain on leafless trees
And on the sedgy pools of mountain leas,
Proclaiming weary autumn's swift defeat.

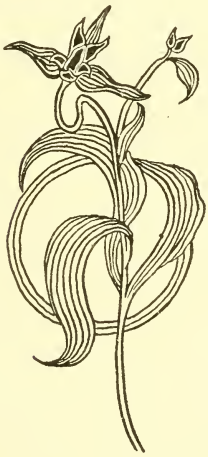
THE NIGHT FOG

Misty wraiths of mindless ocean,
 Wreathëd spectres shoreward stealing,
Phantoms in a still commotion
 Aimless onward rolling, reeling,—
Haunting seas with silent winging,
 Lingering o'er the land so dreary,
Freight of tears to flowers bringing,
 Ever winding, dull and weary!

From the hills I see thy masses
 Through the Golden Gate in-streaming,
Like a shrouded host that passes
 'Mid the brain in restless dreaming,
Cresting Tamalpais with hoary
 Piles of fleece in splendor lightened
When the gloaming's wizard glory
 All their length with gold has brightened.

'Mid the cañons gliding stilly,
 Through the oaks and laurels slipping
Till the verdure of the hilly
 Slopes with cooling mist is dripping —
Thus all night the fog is sweeping
 Like a caravan of sorrow,
Ghostly and in silence weeping
 O'er the troubles of the morrow.

Thus all night its host is winding
 Up the hills and down the cañons,
Till the morning sun is finding
 In the fields its day companions—
Birds amid the yellow grasses
 Where the dewdrops bright are glimming,
Summer flow'rs and singing lasses:
 Morning's cup with joy is brimming!



THE NORTH WIND

'Tis roar and shriek and whistle and moan
When the breath of the North blows over the land,
And the timbers creak and the big boughs groan
And wave as if shaken by Titan hand.

O'er the fields of grain with its parching breath
It blows till the green blades wither and die,
For it blights the herbage with blast of death
As its torrid frenzy goes shrieking by.

Forth from the desert of burning sand,
Envious of all that is green and fair,
The north wind leaps with his fierce command
To conquer the hosts of the realm of air.

The wind king calls to his chariot host
And the horses are harnessed and lashed along
South through the valleys beside the Coast
Sweeping and shouting their savage song.

The clouds are scattered, the sky is clear,
And the great stars sparkle and flash all night
As the wingëd steeds in their mad career
Storm through the azure with fatal flight.

O wind king, why do you ravage our fields
With three days' revel and three nights' song?
Because I am fate and the wide earth yields
And none may dispute me for none are so strong.

THE DROUTH

From Shasta south to El Cajon,
 From Tahoe to the sea-girt shore,
No cloud in answer to our moan
 Bears prophecy of rain once more.

The north wind blows a bitter drouth,
 The west wind sweeps across the plain,
But O the wind of east and south
 Comes not with cheering sign of rain.

The herbage starts not on the hills,
 The cattle starve in pastures sear,
The fruit trees wilt and babbling rills
 Lapse off in sand and disappear.

O clouds of hope, O welcome wind,
 We pray thee kiss our fainting flowers;
To this fair fruitful land be kind
 And bless us with abundant showers!

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

A mist o'er the blue and a south wind blowing,
A moist mild air and the cattle lowing,
The dull clouds gathering darker and nearer—
The rain! ho, the rain! could blessing be dearer?

The first drops fall upon heaven-turned faces;
The spots dint the dust in the parched-up places;
Then the clouds yield their bounty in torrents abounding,
And the strain of the swift-streaming waters is sounding.

On the roof is a patter, from eaves is a dripping,
And the flowers and the ferns the sweet nectar are sipping,
As the murmuring strain of the shower is swelling,
Good cheer to the sward in the swale sweetly telling.

The grass wakens green as if startled from slumber;
No more shall the dust-cloud the fair land encumber;
And the sparrow sings loud from his perch on the brier,
Sweet-voicing the answer to each heart's desire.

A VISION OF THE WEST

Far land, the margent of the mighty West,
 Famed El Dorado, prophesied of yore,
A storied wilderness of wild unrest,
 A teeming treasure-house by ocean's shore!

How often, as a boy, I dreamed of thee
 With all thy matchless wonders, dim and fair,—
Thy gate that opens to the Orient sea,
 Thy gold, thy fruits, thy flowers, thy peerless air,

Thy zonëd snow-peaks gloriously piled,
 Thy yawning gulf, Yosemite, sublime,
Circled with domes and crags of splendor wild,
 Thy conëd Titans of unmeasured time,

Towering imperial past all lofty trees!
 These dreams were mine, but little did I know
How soon in joy I'd greet such scenes as these,
 Destined amid their wilding grace to grow.

The woods and waters had my teachers been,
 Telling me tales of wonder and delight:
The birds that sported 'mid leaf-lattice screen,
 May flow'rs that starred the meads with colors bright.

Oft had I seen the sun's bright shield of gold
 Surge from the lake that laves Wisconsin's strand,
Imaged across the water blue and cold,
 Whereat joy trembled o'er th' awakening land.

When winter's cutting gales swept fierce and free
Down th' wide upland plains of pilëd snow,
I loved to wade across the windy lea
To see the lake far-paved with icen floe,

Or edge along the frozen river's rim,
The keen wind whistling thro' the boughs o'erhead,
Where scritch-owl nestled on his riven limb
And rabbit bounded to a snowy bed.

What memories of lakes, leaf-fringed and green,
What summer revelries with birds and flowers
Haunt me with joy whene'er I peer atween
The mist of years that shrouds those happy hours!

The sail wide-flung to the exultant breeze,
The camp, the paddle's dip, the sport, the song,
The fire that glowed amidst the night-dark trees,
The comradery of youth, the friendship strong!

And there was love to warm these sylvan days,
New dawning with its wonder-working spell,
Op'ning fair vistas down the darkling ways
Where mystery and gentle beauty dwell.

Then were my eyes to poesy unsealed
And common things grew strange, in beauty dight;
Such was the power a little child could wield
To glorify youth's darkness with her light.

But there were many leagues of plain and height
And many years of heavy pain for me;
Westward the way until upon my sight
Broke the wide reaches of the western sea!

Ah, California, vestured wild and fair,
When I became a foster-child of thine,
Breathing the balm of thy pellucid air,
Beholding night-starred heaven's bright pageant shine,

Climbing thy dizzy heights to see the world
Empurpled far below in misty sweep,
And watching waves of ocean grandly hurled
In crests of triumph from the tossing deep,

I knew that thou should'st be my rightful nurse,
And longed to grow into thy ample grace.
Would that I might prove worthy to rehearse
In loving song the beauty of thy face!

In solitude of loveless days I dwelt,
Fretted by hours that brought no balm of rest;
Before the altar Truth alone I knelt,
An eremite of science, sore oppressed.

For in my heart waged conflict day by day;
Before me loomed the crystal heights of song;
I learned that facts, construe them how we may,
Deign not to reckon beauty, right, or wrong.

The steelëd knife may probe the heart of man,
But love alone can penetrate his soul;
Then I bethought me how, since time began,
'Tis love that shapes the world with sweet control.

Amid thy mountains did the vision grow,
I saw it written clear on pine and oak,
'Twas voicëd loud on windy peaks of snow,
And on the sea's bare breast its anthem woke.

Then grew the vision to incarnate guise;
The shadow form in living truth was dight:
I looked in rapture on thy steadfast eyes,
My love, and saw therein the dawning light!

Could we but live the life of love we dream,
Could we but toil to make it firm and true,
Could we but live with such ideal supreme,
Some little part of love's high task to do!

Thus have we striv'n to gain pure beauty's fire,
Toiled on, tho' clouds hung heavy round our way
And little lips have lisped our dear desire,
Teaching us how, in loving deeds, to pray.

Thou art a daughter of the untrammeled West,
Dear wife, endowed with largess of its grace,
But with a calmness in thy tender breast
Bespeaking culture of a gentler race.

In thee my vision finds fulfilment meet,
In thy large eyes and crown of golden hair,
In thy mild ways, thy accents fine and sweet,
In thy dear presence, beautiful and fair.

The sun that swings atop the hills of morn,
The crescent dipping toward the sea at night,
The chanting forests stirred by winds new-born,
High peals of music in melodious flight—

Aye, all fair things that be, when thou art near,
Partake of thy loved graciousness serene,
And in my sight the woes of life appear
Robbed by thy smile of all their heavy teen.

Enough, my love, of gentle things and mild!
There is in this rude land stern work to do,—
Harsh, warring creeds that must be reconciled,
False idols to be felled, and paths to hew

Up heights of learning — summits bright of song;
Men need we, where so many ape the few,
To sift the gold of right from sands of wrong,
To weigh the false in balance with the true!

O for the clear courageous voice to tell
Those truths which men would fain see put aside!
O for a Circe cup wherewith to spell
Back to their own true guise the beasts of pride!

White ships depart from our hill-circled bay,
Forth faring o'er the waste of pathless sea;
Does love propel them on their weary way,
And do they go to make the world more free?

Ah sophists, for a moment face the fact
That freedom must be practiced to be learned;
Not as they must but as they will men act
When tyranny and serfdom have been spurned.

The vision I have dreamed through years of pain
I cannot barter now for lands and power;
If love be truth then empire lust is vain,
Foredoomed to crumble with the passing hour.

But there are men in this proud West who hold
No servile check to utt'rance clear and high.
Let them be strong, O God, and true, and bold
For human rights afar to stoutly cry!

Perchance it little counts for thee and me
What fate befalls ten million alien men—
The spawn of tropic isles across the sea,
That dwelt two years agone beyond our ken,

But if we play th' oppressor we must pay
The tyrant's fee to time. Beware the cost!
Has not man-traffic brought enough dismay?
With what is gained, O count what will be lost!

Lost, our prized birthright—love for all things free;
Lost, pity for the lowly and oppressed;
Lost, love—what other loss more sad could be,
A land with love evanished from its breast!

But let us not give o'er to boding fears,—
The right must triumph and the true prevail;
Tho' justice cost a nation blood and tears
The love at heart of us shall never fail.

There is an earnest in this westward slope
Of high achievements, glorious enterprise,—
A mighty stirring of expectant hope:
Still on beyond the El Dorado lies!

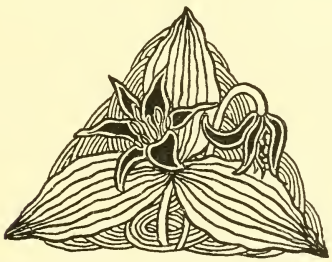
Beauty shall here hold court upon the heights
And men shall fashion temples for her shrine,
With chantings high of praise and starward flights
Of silver chords and organ's throb divine.

The sculptor here shall hew the formless stone
To shapes of beauty dreamed on cloud-throned crest;
The painter shall reveal what he alone
Saw as he brooded on th' earth-mother's breast.

The Orient, looming through its mist of time,
Shall yield its garner'd treasury of thought
To stamp its charact'ry of stablished prime
On this young West with wealth of promise fraught.

I thank thee, Fate, that thou hast rolled my star
To this horizon rife with latent might,
That I may share the glories reaching far
From peaks of snow to sunset's seaward light,

That I may do my part, though slight it be,
To shape the chaos into beauty's mold,
In nature's sight, which holds us all in fee,
To toil for truth's transcendent sands of gold.



A VOICE ON THE WIND

And out of the West came a voice on the wind: —
O seek for the truth and behold, ye shall find!
O strive for the right and behold, ye shall do
All things that the Master commandeth of you.

For love is the truth ye have sought for so long,
And love is the right that ye strove for through wrong;
Love! love spheres our lives with a halo of fire,
But God, how 'tis dimmed by each selfish desire!



AN IDYL OF THE PINES

In solitude where all is wild and fair,
True love grows strong and deep beyond compare;
For here the Master of the high serene
Broods with joy-spirit o'er the leafy green,
And bends to beauty every leaf and flower
That smiles in token of his loving power.

Here wandered you and I, my love, alone,
Harkening to swaying pine bough's wintry moan.
From oaks the leaves of gold were blown,
And sweet as children's songs the tone
Of silver rills
Amid the hills.
The summer birds had flown;
But you and I, my love, fled not away,—
The mountains and the pines breathed, "Stay, O stay!
Stay where the squirrel frisks in autumn glee,
Where deer, lithe-limbed, in woodsy haunts are free,
Where freshening showers fall to start the green,
Where beauty fondly reigns in far demense."

We heard the voice of peak and pine,
We saw glad autumn's gold sunshine;
We staid to tell, in close entwine,
The secrets God and lovers only know,
By wind in pines reverberated low.

What songs of gladness thronged October's breeze,
Stealing atween the trellis green of trees,
Mingling in one vast symphony of praise

For Him whose largess wrought these golden days!
The mountain quail loud voiced his whistling note,
The little sparrow shook his streakëd throat,
The lengthened cadence of the flicker's call
Fell, joyous, down the mighty forest hall,
While on the ground the crisp leaves lightly stirred
'Neath rabbit's bound or dainty trip of bird.

And, dost remember love, the wavering lines
Of forest-serried ridges, dark and still,
The mountain slopes, deep furrowed, robed in pines,
The yellow-barked madroño by the rill?
The poison-oak glowed all aflame
With crimson leaves the day we came;
The wild grapes trailed their lace of gold,
And black oaks in their arms did hold
The glory of the autumn high
Toward clouds of white that, 'gainst the sky,
In fleecy masses floated by.

Why was the sky so deep and blue,
And why the day so fair?
Was earth not decked, my love, for you?
The mountains little care
Whether we glory in their might
Or sleep beneath their sod,
But beauty is our own birthright —
Our heritage from God.

The plump grapes hung in clusters on the vine
Beside our cottage door, the bright sunshine
Purpling the branches as it streamed between
The lattice where they grew, a royal screen

That scarce obscured the lovely world without,
Decked for the pageant of the autumn's rout.

Then, on a day,
The blustering wind twitched off the mantle gay—
Stripping the spent leaves from their boughs,
Breathing innumerable tearful vows
Of winter, cold and gray.
The sapling oaks stood 'gainst a leaden sky,
Their taper branchlets stiffly turned on high,
Purple and shivering in the frosty air,
While gnarlëd patriarchs with hoar trunks stood bare,
Their black limbs writhed and lifted in despair
Like olden druids in beseeching pose
Telling of earth's immeasurable woes.

The rain fell, following fast upon the wind,
Swelling the streams that answered loud its voice.
With ceaseless muffled roar all night the blind
Wild surge of foaming water sang, Rejoice!
The salmon hied them from the ocean's deep,
Battling against the torrent's seaward leap
To spawn amid the mountain pools in peace;
And, ere the sun had marked the rain's surcease,
The birds came flocking from the mountain crest,—
The blithe plump robin with its earth-red breast,
The kinglet green, bedecked in crimson crown,
The winter wren, a merry monk in brown,
The snowbird gay, the sportive chickadee,
All joined the festive winter revelry,
Flitting from tree to tree
And shaking off the beaded crystals bright
Like diamonds on the needles of the pine

Left by the rain and burnished by the bright
Clear joyance of the sun's quick flash divine.

Dark loom the mountains through the cloud,
Their peaks still cumbered with the shroud
Of sullen mist about them spread;
The drifted snow through cañons down is led
In scraggling hoary beards on pine-clad breasts.
What witchery the mountain's shrine invests
When the great bulwarks of the sky are rent
By golden shafts of sun in triumph hurled,
And tokens of the heaven's all-reaching tent
Show, still immutable, above the world!

O was it not a joy, my love, to be
Thus face to face with earth's divinity! —
To see the splendor growing hour by hour,
To watch the changes by mysterious power
Wrought in the rolling clouds and mighty hills,
Flashing down valleys with such quickening thrills
Of light and mist, bewildering in their stream,
As would the very rocks from death redeem,
Mossing them deep in lush green fronds with fair
Fine filaments of fern — the maiden-hair,
The gold-back and the brake!
Out of the stone they wake
At the bidding of the rain, rain, rain;
All the bounty of their beauty spread in vain,
Save for you and me to love them,
Save that God within them and above them
Even slighter things than these to love would deign.

And O, beloved, dost thou not recall
The solemn splendor of the night's slow fall —

The fairy pinnacles of pines afar
In jetty spires upon the darkling hill,
The waxing brilliance of the even star,
The saffron west with crimson clouds athrill —
The sedgy pools that 'mid the shadows shone,
Haunted by blackbirds in melodious throng,
Clamoring and calling, while we two, alone,
Listed to them and heard the night wind's song
Come swelling, solemn, through the pine woods vast?
The night was silent when the choir swept past.
Then, in the gloam, we sought the meadow's marge,
The dark trees looming round us dim and large,
And, as we peered amidst their umbery shade,
We saw proud antlered deer walk down the glade,
Ready at sign of menace swift to leap
Far into cover of the forest deep.
The little owl his flute-notes trembled low,
The stars shone dimly through the west's pale glow;
We walked as in a trance and looked above
At heaven's o'erarching sphere of boundless love.

Again the change, again the rain,
The drip of eaves, the sleet on pane,
The sweep of winds that wail and blow,
The rattling hail, the soundless snow,—
The air one riot of wild, whirling flakes!
The crested jay his feathers vainly shakes,
As 'mid the pines he lurks, disconsolate,
Crouching to 'scape the storm that blusters round;
The squirrels, snug in hollows, drowse and wait—
The still earth echoes to no living sound.
Out of the leaden, close-investing clouds
The white flakes tumble in tumultuous crowds,

Until the earth, in ermine muffled deep,
Settles, content, into a soundless sleep.

It seems but yestereve, dear love, when all
The earth lay tranced 'neath silent, snow-spread pall,
While you and I, close-bosomed, heart to heart,
Looked on the waste, in solitude apart
From turmoil and the vexing toil of life.
For one brief span were lonely fancies rife,
Till, from the hearts of mighty poets dead,
We peopled the wide solitude with shades
And spirits fair whose shining pathway led
With hymeneal pæans to the glades
Of Tempe or the dread Olympian heights,
Or to the heavens whence chaunts of angels fell,
While starry torches beamed their twinkling lights
And wrought on mortals their mysterious spell.

Sing with me, love, in the fire light,
Sing with me, love, and be gay!
Storms blow around us,
Pine trees are sighing,
White flakes are flying,
Winter has found us —
But can we not sing of the May,
My love, as we sit in the fire light?

The morning dawned with wonder-work to show! —
The hills and forests wide bespread with snow —
A wilderness of white o'erhung with gray
And rifts of blue above the mountain's brow;
The tranquil hush slow ushered in a day
Made sacred by the winter's snow-sealed vow.

The oak's black tracery showed blacker still
Against the white that margined twig and spray.
The dark firs loomed anear the ice-bridged rill
With snow enwreathed in glorious array;
The long pine needles, pressed beneath the weight
Of pilëd snow, were pointing toward the ground.
A lone woodpecker shrilled to absent mate,
A rabbit 'scaped the open, bound on bound.

It was a spectacle of beauty rare,
This miracle of snow so fair,
Piled over mountain, vale and tree,
For nothing in the wide, wide world
More stainless or more pure could be.
Methought it did but image thee,
My love, so full of maiden mystery,
So calm, so fair, so free!

Bleak winter's day is spent; with thrill of life
The spring is near!
With flowers dear
The woodland wastes give praise, and there is rife
A spirit of keen rapture, a wild bliss,
A nameless something which we cannot miss
And still grow spirit-wise,—a soul aglow
With the fine gold of buttercup, a sudden flow
Of heart-blood to the temples; for behold
The nodding pepper-grass unfolds its petals white,
So daintily upreaching from the mold,
And in the woods there is a royal sight
Where shooting stars, in purple dight,
With black beaks, yellow-rimmed, are swayed
By each soft breeze that haunts the glade.

All spirits, life-endued, now greet the sun; —
The Ethiop spiders in the roadway run,
The spermophiles beside their burrows call,
And, silent, wavering in its rise and fall,
A veined Vanessa flutters through the dell,
Trembles in fragile beauty on a bell,
And, honey-surfeited, light flits away.
Bird strains uprise to glad the balmy day,
The praiseful choir ascending pure and high.
The wine of life has fallen from the sky
To quicken every clod so cold and dumb!

Methought the resurrection day had come,
For joyous spirits rose on every side
And smiled at you, my own beloved bride.
Then, at full tide of happy spring, it fell
That we should leave these tender spirits known
And loved so keenly — leave the ferny dell,
The hymning forest, the cool, joyous tone
Of brook-plash — leave the flowers and birds, the sense
Of nearness to the power that carved the hills,
The wild awakening of spring, intense
In rush of joy across the land that thrills
Each teeming clod upon the fruitful earth.
Yea, in our hearts felt we a second birth,
An advent of unwonted spirit power
To be close cherished from that vernal hour.
We left the pines and years have swept us on
Some measure of our way, but there has gone
Aye with us an ineffable serene
Content that cometh from the mountains green,
A nearer vision, and a clearer light
That quenchless beams amid the darkest night.

WOODLAND TALES HESPERIAN

WHEREIN ARE NARRATED NATURE MYTHS OF CALIFORNIA



INDUCTION

When Greekish groves by Nereids were trod
And seas were populous with Tritons fair,
When through high heav'n the splendid god of light
Urged his flame chariot from dawn to dark,
And from Olympus thunder'd Zeus the law,
In haunts remote another race divine
For beauty strove amid green lawns and bow'rs,
Making the mountains vocal with their songs.
Here dreamed the fair Hesperides, I ween,
In gardens of the west all girt about
With solemn sea and waste of pathless sand
Enchanted vales, unfooted save by gods,
Report whereof scarce touched sage Homer's ear,
So shrouded in seclusion were their halls,
So distant from Troy's battlements their heights.
Proud mountains towered about the blissful plains,
Their pinnacles high thrust amid the blue,
And California was yclept this fair
God-haunted region by the foaming sea.
Had I the magic of forgotten song
'Twould be a joy to conjure into thought
Full blown, the wonder of that peerless time,
To make old gods live brightly on my page,
Warring and wooing as in olden day,
Beauteous and brave and full of mighty strife;
But, like a minstrel wandered farfrom home
Who sees men knit their brows against his song,
I falter, fearing lest my tale shall fall
On alien ears and skeptic brains to-day.

Howbeit, some fragments must I strive to sing
Of that forgotten life, that golden time
Beyond the ken of mortals, vanished quite,
Like brooding dream which mem'ry dim recalls.
For scarce a name is left to haunt the heights
Whereon they strove so zealously for grace,
And scarce a flow'ret lifts its modest head
Those lovers' beauty to immortalize;
But Shasta lives, a glorious, crownëd cone,
And still Sequoias tow'r in woodland glades;
The goddess fair, Godetia, smiles, a flow'r,
And Colias, golden-winged, about her flits,
Even as in that blest age he longed to be
Circling about her modest loveliness.
Of these and kindred shall I forth recount
Such high emprise as misty legends tell,
Echoing their travails in my wild wood tales.



HOW SHASTA WON THE FIRE

Being a myth of the lava-flows of early times

A gnomish race toiled deep in earth recess,
A host misshaped and black, of wild demean,
In stony caverns fettered and debased,
The slaves of Mica, lord of nether world.
For him they delved and strove with forgëd bars,
They made fair crystals bloom in tombs of death,
Conjuring strange beauty of amorphous stone,—
The vermile cinnabar, the turquoise blue,
The tinted quartz with ruddy gold entwined.
With fire they wrought their subtle alchemy
Whereby earth chambers were so wond'rous deck'd,
And 'mid their haunts below they pent their flame,
Lest they be reft of this their talisman.
It happed that Mica strove with lords of day
In deadly feud, and wrought them havoc sore,
Whelming their plains with cinders blown abroad
Or spreading molten rock on their demesnë,
Shaking the earth with mad convulsive throes,
And opening pits hell-deep, that fearful yawned.
The gods of day by no device could smite
Fell Mica with his flame-entrenchëd throng
And knew not how a host so armed to quell.
In solemn state convened they sought device
Whereby to stay great Mica's mailëd hand
And save from ravage all their royal vales.
In that bright group stood Calochortus fair,
Prince of celestial powers in Hesperus,

Clad all in golden vesture purple pied,
And haughty Aster in his raiment bright,
And fair Sturnellus with his silver flute.
The sad Lycentra statue-like was poised
In folded marble robe, as if she knew
What fate was darkly brooding for her woe,
And eke Vanessa swayed on trembling wing,
A fairy goddess of the woodsy flow'rs.
They met in that mad vale Yosemite,
High-domed about with purple peaks of snow,
With crags where thunder-clouds austerely rest,
With falls far leaping in a trembling mist
From skyward peaks, all wreathed in rainbow spans,
With vernal slopes upreaching toward the blue,
And swardy floor with patens bright of flow'rs.
There sage Atharpos, councillor of gods,
Uplifted thus his voice to heedful ears:
"Mistake not thy vain prowess, peers, I pray!
In vain we cope with foe in armor dight
Of fire, whose lance is flame, whose voice is death.
'Tis not misprision of high duty, no,
Nor frailty nor fear that thwarts our might,
But only fire, and this alone our bane.
Could some one penetrate his sombrous port
From thence to bear a brand of quickening flame,
Well might we hope for vantage in the strife."
He ceased, and loud approval stirred the host
While many a god would fain be first to seek
In deadly hazard the forbidden fire.
To Shasta fell the high-renownëd trust
Of delving lone to Mica's molten halls
And well the peril did become his zeal.

He was a god serene of countenance,
Of lofty stature and majestic mien.
Mantled in white he stood, with rim of gold
Tracing fair flowers about his gracious form.
Forth strode he to the north where grew a peak
Aloft toward cloudland, swelling from the plain,
Its crest all hoar with century-garnered snow,
Whence issued ominous jets of sulph'rous smoke,
And fearful flames in lurid tongues flashed out
From Mica's dark dominions deep within.
He, nothing loth, swept up from height to height,
Past meadows of fair flowers, through gloomëd wood,
O'er waste of rock, up height on height of snow,
Till, from the crowning pinnacle he viewed
The fair earth swooning dizzily below,
With purple mist-hung valleys wide and wild,
With serried ridges 'mid the clouds afloat,
Peaks half revealed and pinnacles of fire
Where flashed the sun on sparkling wastes of snow.
At foot of him gaped wide the dark abyss
Down into Mica's halls, whence belchëd sounds
Of conflict and of toil, the hiss of steam,
The stithy's mighty roar, and voices weird
In babel of unearthly broil below.
He paused at that dark threshold, then, unfeared
Down plungëd in the gaping gulf of flame
To meet what fate might wait him at hell's throne.
As deep he spun down darksome pit of death
The air pulsed fast with thunder-throbs and gleams
Of fearful light came flashing on his brain;
Fierce smote they him and fiercer, till he swooned,
So wild the tumult round about him grew.

Then, roused, he heard a gradual, far-off stir
Such as the tremulous wind in hush of night
'Mid forest branches makes, or waves that moan
With many-voicëd lips on pebbled strand.
It was the murmur of the minion host
Paying their orisons at Mica's throne.
Upstarting he beheld a pageant weird
Of flame-wrought pillars marshaled without end
Down fearful lanes of fire where in and out
Moved Mica's serfs to do his awful will.
Naked they were, grim Æthiops, tricked in chains
Of massy gold about their lusty waists,
And jewels glistered bright around their necks
Or gleamed on pendants wrought with cunning skill.
As swift they glided through the glowing aisles
They chanted incoherent strains of praise,
Mumbling in muffled tones their mad acclaim.
At head of all, throned Mica swayed the court,
Circled with such candescent burst of light
As dimmed all lesser flame; and at his nod
Wound in and out the slaves in tide of toil.
Two basilisks crouched, horrid, at his feet,
Their tails a-quiver and their eyes a-fire,
Ready to dartle death at sign or word.
Such spectacle of awe met Shasta's sight
As stately moved he on to Mica's throne.
When the stern king of fire beheld his foe
Advance thus singly down the halls of death
With countenance serene and footing sure
He eyed him in amaze, then, fearful, spake:
"Proud prince of summer sun and woodland flowers,
Impotent lord of light in realms of air,

What mad emprise has bent thy steps to me,
What insolence is this, to penetrate
These halls of flame unbidden to my throne?"
Then Shasta spake, with mien majestical
And accents calm: "I come to thy wild court
To challenge thee, renownëd prince of flame.
Thou knowest 'tis not thy sturdy heart and hand
That renders thee invincible in strife;
For in these chambers mewed thou hidest low
To marshal thy tumultuous host of fire,
Which in fierce rabble whelms our fields in woe
And ravages our vales." Then dark the brow
Of Mica grew and fierce his basilisks
Heaved their scaled sides and shook their warning tails,
Whilest minions pressed about th' arousëd throne.
"Have care, O Shasta, how thou speakest here,
We brook no flouting speech in halls of hell."
"We ask but justice, mighty king of death,
And as thou art a god thou can'st not spurn
Our plea. We crave a brand of living fire
That we may fight thee in more equal strife;
Then shalt thou be accounted worthy foe."
"Vain suppliant," answered Mica, wrath and scorn
Contending in his subtle countenance,
"Thou shalt have flame enough, we promise thee.
To thy compeers ascend with gift from us
Of swinging censer of unquenchëd fire,
And use it as thou mayest for weal or woe."
So saying he clapt his hands with such uproar
As thunder-peal across a boisterous sea.
The pillared hall grew dim, and all the scene

Shuddered to nothingness in Shasta's sight.
Again he stood upon the heights of snow
With earth far flung in darkness at his feet
And overhead the mighty shield of night
Studded with myriad stars that splendid shone.
Within his hand he held a censer rare
Enwrought of gold and bossed with ornaments,
Whence glimmed bright coals of fire that smoked and
flamed
Alternate, with the wind that breathed and died.
"Eureka!" sang the god, as down he sped
O'er dizzy crags and fissures deeply cleft
'Twixt him and meadows slumbering at his feet.
Such speed he made that ere dawn flushed the sky
He had retraced the weary leagues of way
Which intervened ere he might make proclaim
To his leagued host of how his quest had fared
At court of that remorseless king of fire.



COLIAS AND GODETIA

Being a myth of a golden butterfly and a summer flower

A thrill of triumph stirred the vales of fear,
When fires were flashed from peak to answ'ring peak,
Charged with high hopes of victory in strife
With mid-earth despot. Round each blazing pyre
A chanting multitude of gods convened
Like worshippers of flame about their shrine.
While these enthusëd bands were fondly spelled
In rapture round their fiery altars bright,
Their new-found fetish wrought them havoc sore;
For when most brightly lapped the tongues of flame
Young Colias, Shasta's own belovëd seed,
Exulting, leaped upon the cruel flame
Ere hand could stay his frenzy. Forth he rolled
A ruin of his lovely childish grace,
Deformed and scarred into a monstrous guise.
In vain was grief, in vain fond loving words;
He lived, but with the semblance of a brute,
And one most fair 'sumed aspect most debased.
No heart had the immortals then to range
Their leaguers for the fight with such a fell
And fiendish implement as this of fire,
So none gainsaid King Mica's vandal might
Or dared to trespass more on Tophet's deep.
Young Colias grew to godhood, scarred and shunned,
For the immortals feared unloveliness
E'en as the flowers that shrink from frosty air.
Still did the fire him hold in utter thrall
Until in turn he ruled where late he slaved.

He washed the sands for gold and with his flame
Fashioned the grains to shapes of curvëd grace;
Hot metal did he beat to beauty rare,
Tracing the forms of flow'rs on chalice bright
Or bossing plates with leafy ornament.
Such, then, his task, and with his toil he grew
Gentle and loving in his loneliness,
Gracious to all that lived and craved his care.
The lame coyote, fearless, round him limped,
The slender doe led up her dappled fawn
For his caress, the mother thrush, her young.
Frail flowers he tended when the wanton tread
Of some wood-rover had their beauty spoiled.
But higher yearned his heart than beast or flow'r;
Thus sundered from his kind he needs must feel
Love-stifled and forlorn. Could he but know
The rapture of an answered sympathy,
The thrill of god-communion, heart to heart!
But when he reached his hand, beseeching, forth
To some fair nymph amidst the leafy grove
She shrank away as in a deadly fear
And left him lingering there, despised and lorn.
It seemed of all the world that he alone
Was loveless, he who knew so well how dear
A boon was love to tender soul of youth.

Amid a fertile vale anear the sea
There did abide a nymph, surpassing fair,
Who tenderly o'erwatched the woodland flow'rs,
Moisting the earth about their dainty stems
And op'ning tardy petals for the bee,
Or spreading leafy tents against the sun
When with too fierce a heat he smote the groves.

She was a paragon of beauty bright,
Gold-tressed and rosy tinted, with an eye
Made blue by looking fixedly at heav'n,
And with a slender grace beyond compare.
Full many a suitor had besought her love
And many a proud heart had she humbled sore,
For vainly had they pled, though bright their name
And lofty their degree. It chanced that one
Adorer proffered her in pledge of love
A golden cup by Colias richly wrought,
Patterned with tender tracery of flowers;
Whereat she cried, "Could I but see the god
Who fashioned such rare lovliness, meseems
To him I'd give what others seek in vain."
Then proud her suitor laughed a scornful laugh,
"Despised of all the heavenly host he dwells,"
Cried he, "a god deformed, abhorred and spurned."
"Hath he done aught in malice or in shame?"
Then 'quired Godetia fair. "'Tis not his deeds
That shame the god, fair nymph," he uttered sooth,
"For he is gentle past all reckoning,
But verily misfortune so hath chanced
That in his visage strange beyond belief
Is he misfeatured."
"Would that I might know,"
She made return, "a being so deformed
But with an inner beauty so complete!"
Then Aster, her proud suitor, thought to bend
To his preferment her capricious whim
And vowed he'd bring sad Colias to her bow'r,
That she might gaze upon his ruined face;
With this resolve forthwith to execute

He fleeted down the vale far past her ken.
When on the morrow with his consort strange
Came Aster to Godetia, she was deep
In toil amidst her blooms and saw them not
Until they stood expectant at her side —
Proud Aster with the shy, ill-formëd one,
Unhappy Colias, to receive her scorn.
All flushed with lightsome toil she rose, a bright
Enthralling child in an enchanted grove,
A rosy goddess, radiant as the spring.
She welcomed them with words of soft acclaim
And smiled on that seared face of passion, turned
In piteous appeal to her clear eye.
Then all the pent love of past hopeless years
Surged madly through the heart of Colias,
And with due adoration kneeling low
He paid fond rev'rence to Godetia's grace.
But Aster looked disdainful on the twain
For he had summoned Colias there to meet
Averted eyes and scant civility,
Trusting to thus augment his own high grace
In sight of her he coveted for bride.
With brief adieu he rustled down the vale
Renouncing one who so complacently
Her favors spent on all who sought her bow'r.
When he had ta'en his way the nymph 'gan speak
To Colias of his craft and graciously
Did she extol the wonder of his skill,
The art wherewith he twined her dearest flowers
In ornament on stubborn metal wrought.
They talked of beauteous things for many an hour,
And when, reluctant, he departed slow,

'Twas with assurance of renewed delight.
Thenceforth he oft in secret sought her dell,
Trusting no more the garish light of day,
But stealing, tiptoe down the lanes of eve
To whisper secrets 'neath the trancëd stars.
Emboldened then, he, trembling, did aver
That could he taste one rapturous kiss of love
He should be straight transfigured from his guise
Of brute deformity to godly mien.
She forthwith wound her arms about his neck
Like some fond seraph who would glorify
All things corruptible to godliness,
And left imprint of love on his wan lips.
Thus postured she did feel him swoon away,
A shadow or a dream that haunts the night,
A phantasy, a wraith receding dim
To nothingness upon the silent air.
"Colias!" she called, but heard no answ'ring voice
Save that the hills beat back her silver cry.
Then all night long she fled from height to height,
Voicing her frenzy till the gods gave ear
And pitied her but could not cure her bane.
Fear haunted, on she sped and ever cried
For Colias, but in vain. The starry night
Had snatched him to its void, the azure deep
Had buried him in its unfathomed realm.

One eve, as from a peak she sadly viewed
The sun down rolling toward th' ensanguined sea,
A figure all of gold came winging bright
Out of the empyrean, swift and true,
Shaping its course for her high pinnacle.

Down sloped the splendid form on pens of gold,
Checking his flight as near her post he came,
A cherub clothed in glorious majesty.
At side of her he stood with flashing eye
And proud arched lip that quivered as he said:
"Thou knowest me not, Godetia!" when a cry
Burst from her throat: "My Colias, thou hast come!"
Then tenderly upgathered he his love
And spread his pinions to the radiant sky,
Forth launching toward the sun that splendid rolled
Its flaming car beneath th' exultant wave.

THE DESCENT OF BOREAS

Wherein is narrated the contest of the host of spring with the ice of the glacial age

When the bright host of gods Hesperian
Despaired of coping with great Mica's storm,
Nor longer hoped with might of flame to wring
Submission from their arch antagonist,
They counseled long for other means to quell
The quenchless tumult in their golden realm.
In solemn conference Atharpos spake
Of new devices to o'ercome their foe.
He, hoary bearded and sage countenanced,
Was doomed to speak persuasive words of woe;
For specious were his arguments and shrewd,
Though false as serpent's tongue his winning tale,
Fraught with dire consequence all unforeseen.
"There is a god above all others strong,"
He said, "who rules in frigid realms afar.
He is hight Boreas and his scepter sways
Remorseless over land and sea and air.
Icy his countenance and hoar as death!
His mantle sweeps in folds of driven snow,
His hoarse voice mingles with the fearful blast
That blusters big with storm on peaks afar;
In his fell train a million vassals ride
With keen cold spears of death to hurl with wrath
From heights aerial on shrinking foe.
Could we but gain his grace, our cause t' espouse
And bid him speed to our dominions fair,
Soon would he pen proud Mica in his tomb."

Thus spake Atharpos, and the host approved,
So blinded in their zeal that none foresaw
What dread results would follow his advent.
For messenger young Trochilus the Red
They chose to seek out Boreas in his lair.
And fit their choice, for none more fleet than he
To overpass the trackless wilderness!
He was a pygmy god, but fair to see
In ruddy vestments with a bronzëd casque
And gorget shining like a mimic sun.
Alert and swift he speeded o'er the waste,
Undaunted by the van that menaced him
Of pallid snow-wraiths, chanting dirges wild
About the haunts austere of Boreas.
On, on he pressed, till at the gate he stood
Of that hoar polar palace cold and grim;
Within the walls wild voices raved and roared,
The parl of blust'ring ice-gods turbulent,
And stinging spears were hurled by hands unseen,
And half-discovered forms went shudd'ring past.
Nathless the messenger of gods advanced
Answering the challenge at the icy gates
And pressing to the presence of the king.
A fearful master was the lord of snow,
Of massive bulk and visage stern as death,
All white and terrible, with eyes that shone
As cold as stars above the wintry drifts.
His voice made quake the glistering peaks with fear,
Stifling all lesser tumult with its din
As down the buttressed walls of ice it rolled.
When Trochilus had made his eager plea,
Dilating on the lovely vales despoiled,

The great god tossed his mighty head and roared:
"Tell all thy impotent god host afar
For Boreas to make way. We shall explore
These gardens of rare wonder and shall ride
Caparisoned for war; and we shall build
Vast tombs of ice to sepulcher thy foe.
The rills shall stiffen and the rivers freeze,
The earth be overlaid with robe of death,
The air be choked with wingëd barbs of snow.
Mica shall tremble in his mid-earth keep:
But let all things that haunt the land beware,
For they must perish or swift haste away."
Then Trochilus, who erst had fearless been
Grew all aquiver with unwelcome fright
And swift forth dartled southward to apprise
His bright companions of impending doom
More fearful than the wrack by Mica wrought.
Ah! there was consternation when he came
With missive ominous; the Naiades
Wept in their groves and solemn gods were bowed
With voiceless weight of grief, for well they knew
'Twere vain to strive 'gainst foe invincible.
With heavy teen they bade their lovëd bow'rs
A fond farewell and gathered on the heights
In vain persuasion of unfounded fears.
Upon the north peaks loomed a heavy cloud,
Slow mantling the horizon with its mist.
Chill grew the air and far-off strains were heard
Of wild wind voices in inchoate calls
As of an army waging strife afar.
Then came the crash of mighty beasts in fear
Swinging their pond'rous limbs down mountain vales.

The shaggëd mastodons with tusks outcurved
Tramped with a thund'rous tread, their trunks in air,
Bellowing as on they swept to 'scape the storm.
Ten thousand panting birds, swift-winged, flashed by,
Fleeting in panic south before the foe.
The cloud advanced and maiden forms were seen
Of snow-wraiths chanting runic strains of death,
A multitude of spectres strange and wild.
Then followed forms of spearmen girt in mail
Of sheenëd silver, with bright, leveled spears
That glistened from a dreary leaden pall.
Far as sight followed stretched the multitude,
Melting in distance to a pallid cloud
With Boreas in their midst by wingëd steeds
As white as snow swept on in icy car.
While fearful gazed the sad-eyed company
Of gentle gods, they saw in this mad rout
The spoilers of their dwelling-place endeared,
And swift as foam on-driven before the storm
They sped afar to tropic vales untrod.
Only Lycentra with her children twain
Joined not the fugitives, for her dear charge
Encumbered her so sore that in despair
She turned and fronted the on-surging line,
Holding in piteous appeal her babes
In fondly clinging arms. As well might stand
A wounded tern upon the ocean beach
And cry against the tidal wave's advance,
Or dainty flow'r upon the summer hill
Plead with the flames that charge in columns bright.
The snow-wraiths wailed a dirge, the host advanced
With such a diapason of deep woe

That all her cries were lost in the vast roar,
And with her darlings down she sank in death.
Swift rode the van of ice-gods turbulent,
But slow as doom the frigid rear advanced,
Crashing the forests in its awful path,
And sealing as in tombs etern the earth,
Till not a pulse stirred in the vale of doom.
It were a tale of passing length to tell
How Boreas swayed in wantonness these vales,
Lording it with a despot might that wrought
Ruin of beauty and despair of joy
In all the gladless realms he had o'er-passed
And blasted with his icy armaments.
Meanwhile, not idle were the exiled gods
So cruelly bereft of haunts endeared;
They, leaguered with the sun host and the spring,
Made mighty preparations for the fray,
Enduing armor bright and weaponing
Their multitude with golden shafts of sun.
There never was, I ween, more thrilling sight
Than when these armies 'rayed themselves for war
And ominous led on their endless hosts.
To northward on the heights had Boreas
Made stand with mighty banners white of snow,
Crowded about with arms that swayed and glanced
In countless millions, with intrepid van
Down streaming over valleys in defiles
Of bristling icy spears that fearful shone,
While all about in dance of death there gleamed
The myriad snow-wraiths chanting weird refrains.
Th' advancing host swept up the southern pass
With Calochortus leading the bright band.

There was a vast array all panoplied
In golden mail with shields like suns that shone
And weapons glinting brightly on their foes.
About them pressed the host of spring with flowers
To scatter in their path and garlands bright
Were tossed in air to wave above the fray.
The maidens sang of triumph, joy and life,
The glory of the spring was in their strain,
And blithe bird-voices swelled the choir of song,
Vocal with love, with hope melodious.
When on they came there was a hushëd spell
As if no voice dared violate the trance
Of strife impending; then an uproar wild
Swelling into a wind-tossed wail of doom
Proclaimed the swift advance of icen hosts.
The Naiads shuddered at the tumultuous moan,
And bright gods leveled weapons at the foe.
There was a clash of arms, a stifled cry
As when a million waves all hush their moan,
And slowly pressed the gods their northward way.
The snow-wraiths wailed as far away they winged,
While sullen smote the armëd host of ice
Driven by that bright band invincible.
It was a triumph won with toil supreme,
And still the ice-gods threatened them afar
Massed on the heights where, waiting to descend,
Their white ranks glistened like grim ghosts of doom.
Scarcely had Calochortus ta'en his stand
Implanting o'er the vales his banners bright
Of golden stars on fields the verdantest,
When down the hills onsurged the pallid throng
In dreary multitudes that shrilled despair

To gods of flowerful vales retenanted.
They fell before the onslaught and again
Left fields and blooms a spoil of icy rout,
And earth was paved with pale snow-flow'rs of death.
Thus in successive victory they waged
The mighty contest for supremacy,
The gods of life slow gaining, fight by fight,
The gods of death reluctant yielding sway,
Until the valleys were reclaimëd quite,
And all the heights save those lone peaks afar
Where solitary camped in scattered bands
The thwarted remnants of the haughty host.

From all these travails of the world of air
Had Mica shrunk to gloomy caverns deep
Whence seldom now outflowed his molten streams,
And rarely did he shake the earth in wrath.
So dwelt in joy the blessëd gods of day
For many a blissful æon undisturbed,
Treasuring all beauty in their radiant bowers.

AVILA AND STURNELLUS

A myth of the meadow-lark's song at dawn.

Avila, bright Avila, in the band
Of blessëd hours none other beams so fair
As thou, O radiant morning-star of heav'n,
With joys imprint upon thy countenance,
Queen of the dawn and darling of the day.
As night o'er-wings thou risest, poising bright
On fleckless peak of snow, thy golden hair
Streaming before the wind in shimmering strands;
Thy wreathëd smiling face with greeting blithe
Like rose half-oped beams fondly on the day.
What chorus heralds thee from comely birds
Piping about thy feet their mellow songs!
First rolls the thrush his high ascending strain,
The little gold-finch warbles from the brier,
The linnet carols on exultant wing,
And all in praise of their dear mates and thee,
Avila, most endeared of all the hours.
At sight of thee the poppies lift their heads,
The morning-glories' dainty cups uncurl,
And earth is pranked in fresh array of bloom,
All scintillant with jeweled diadems
Brighter than diamonds and more frail than flow'rs.

Among the meadow-gods was one who teased
Wild strains of beauty out of piercëd reeds,
Blowing with ardent soul his rapture forth
And panting such sweet melodies serene
As thrilled all hearers with its haunting pow'r.
Sturnellus was his name — the god of song,

And he was vested with a gold attire,
With jetty cirque about his glist'ning breast,
And russet cloak against the morning dew.
When he beheld Avila he was thrilled
By her rare loveliness, and played a strain
So wildering in beauty, so divine,
That his tranced list'ner fain would dally there
To sate her longing for the baffling joy;
But she was urgëd on by restive hours
And winged, uncloyed, to her empyreal home.
Next morn Sturnellus waited at her throne
To pipe anew his reedy pastoral,
And freshly was she stirred to am'rous thoughts.
Thus more enamored morn by morn she grew,
And more elated rose th' impassioned strains
Until she could not rouse herself to flee,
Though hours importuned and indignant time
Frowned on the fair delinquent dallying there.
Day was arrested while the minstrel sang
And all the gods bent ear in ecstasy.
Then Fate, unheeding plaints of passioned love
From her far covert glanced with boding frown.
She saw the trancëd hour absorbed with love,
Spelled by sweet song from duty's path severe;
She saw the tempter with melodi'us reed
And all th' attendant host of list'ning gods.
Then spake she while each heart grew faint with fear:
"*Tempted and temptor, hear the voice of Fate!*
Begone, Avila, unto heav'n's bright gate,
And thou, Sturnellus, 'sume thy proper state."
A crash of thunder and a flare of fire
Roused the still host, and as they looked above

Avila shone from heav'n, a quivering star,
And o'er the mead Sturnellus winged, a lark,
His song still trembling toward his love in heav'n.



THE WAR OF THE TITANS

A myth of the seashore, describing the struggles of the rocks, trees, and living creatures with King Tempest

Æons agone the great Sea Mother throve,
A solitary Titan, vast and lone,
A passionate, majestic creature, vast,
Companioned only by th' refulgent stars,
The dreamy votress in the vast of night,
And that celestial master of the day.
She teemed with all the wonders of the world,
She harbored near her heart all gifts of heav'n,
She treasured in her breast the life to be.
The great Lord Mica, ruler leagues below,
Had sought her in her splendid solitude,
And of their love was born a line of sons,—
A Titan race, upon their mother's breast
Reared fondly, as became their high estate,—
The vasty offspring of the fire and sea.
Of these were none more strong than Porphery
And Titan Granite and Pyrites bright—
Three lusty sons to do their destined task.
Like peaks they stood upon their mother's strand,
And heard her proud peals breaking on the day,
Or caught at night her murmur at their feet,
While round about the stars bent down to hear.
A joyous family they lingered there,
Shielding with fond solicitude the life
That sought their ample harborage from storm.
About their feet the kelp streamed to and fro
As if it were their mother's waving hair;

The spined Echini clung to them unfeared,
The bright Asteriids basked in dim retreat,
The fringed Medusæ waved their filaments,
The Limpets pressed their lips against the stones,
And all was joy upon the wide seashore!

Such sweet repose could not forever bide,
Since one there was most keen to bring them woe—
A boist'rous tyrant, jealous aye of peace,
And ready to rebuke content with scorn.
King Tempest was this monarch turbulent—
A wild storm-king with sea-weed madly crowned,
Mantled in dun clouds, mailed in glist'ning brine,
Sceptred with wind, and throned upon the tide.
He saw the happy habitants of shore
And smote them with his potent arm of mail;
For was he not the deadly foe of peace,
The ardent hater of all placid things?
But even he, grim king of stress and storm,
Could simulate at times a placid mien,
Playing the wooer in his soft disguise.

It chanced that Titan Granite took for bride
A sad, dark nymph, Cupressa, fair to see—
A pensive goddess, seldom roused from grief,
Who so entranced the storm-god that he sighed
Soft music in her ear, and sought to gain
A smile in greeting when he neared her strand.
Howbeit, she scorned the gruff king's fond caress,
So constant was she to her chosen lord,
And grew more cold the more his suit he urged.
He thereon in his burst of angerness
Made vow to bear Cupressa to his court,

But firmly did she wind her loving arms
About her master's breast, while vainly toiled
King Tempest to unclasp her. Fierce his voice
Swept round her, while her tresses, dark, were blown
Upon the night. She sobbed and cried in fear
As fast she clung to her unflinching lord
Who stood defiant through the rudest shock.
O who can thwart King Tempest, roused in might,
When his white quivering hand in wrath is raised,
When his loud thunder bursts upon the shore?
Not e'en the Titans can his ravage stay,
For he is lord of all the realm of air,
Commanding armëd legions unto death.

While this fierce war was waging on the strand
Came one, a fairy god forth from the sea,—
Fair Larus, offspring of King Tempest wild,
Mothered of that frail Nereid, Flying Foam.
All candid was his vesture; pearly gray
His mantle fell, and mighty ebon wings
Urged him in glorious circles through the blue.
He little loved his mighty tyrant sire,
For Liberty controlled his spirit high
And Freedom claimed him for her neophyte.
Therefore King Tempest strove his seed to crush,
Unwilling one of lineage so proud
Should spread such heresies to gods afar.
He sought fair Larus in mid-ocean haunts,
But lo! the Mother Foam her child had warned,
And he was winging toward the port of peace!

King Tempest followed, threat'ning as he sped,
With hoarse voice howling o'er the turbid sea,

With ministering waves and brow of night
Threat'ning the concourse of sea-roving gods.
Three spirits tended him, fierce formed and strange,
Three monsters lashing through the brine for prey—
Rhina, a demon-goddess, scaled and grim,
A savage denizen of darksome deeps,
And Galeus, her mate of loathsome form,
From whom all timid sea-things shrank in fear,
And huge Heptanchus, fellest shape of death!
In silence glistened they upon the gloom
With savage visages and glassy eyes
And fierce teeth gnashing in their cruel heads.
Then all King Tempest's trumpeters swept past,
Blowing wild harmonies upon the air
To speed their royal master on his course.

What fear impelled the pitiful godson,
Frail Larus, as he winged his panting way
Before such press of foe! what thought of death,
What anguish, nerved his wings to tenser strain!
He sought the shelter of the Titans' strand,
Where bright Pyrites welcomed him with cheer,
And Porphery reached out enfolding arms.
Thus thwarted was the sire, the king of storm,
Who, doubly angered, turned upon the band
Of sturdy Titans towering on the shore:
"There shall be reckoning for this," he cried;
"Proud heads shall fall and haughty spirits fail,
Aye, though the years grow weary of our strife,
It shall not end nor rest 'twixt thee and me!"
"Ah Tempest King," made answer Porphery,
"Against thy wrath we stand serene and sure,
With all frail creatures treasured close from harm."

The wrathy tyrant turned and sought the deep,
His hosts to muster and his shame to heal,
The while frail Larus rested there in peace.

It was a joyous spell, from danger freed,
With beauty round about,—the singing sea
And, on the sun-swept strand, her children fair
Breathing soft melodies through conchs out-rolled,
Or dancing on the iridescent shore.
The heart of Larus stirred with love's soft thrill
And of the Nereids he chose for bride
The dreamy Abalona, gentlest maid
Of all the daughters of the glist'ning sand.
She was so chastely robed that one might well
Have passed her by unnoted, but within
Her breast there throbbed a heart of lucent pearl.
Steadfast was she, and full of loving ways,
Companion meet for Larus, bright and free.
They held sweet converse of the realms of air,
Of liberty on pinions tried and bold;
They heard the soft sea-voices babbling near,
They listened to the tones of singing sands,
And reveled in the beauty and the peace.

Then Larus in his arms upbore his bride,
Venturing upon the parlous stretch of sea
To prove his mastery of dizzy heights.
King Tempest spied his son with this fair freight
And made attack with such a sudden might
That Abalona from his grasp was torn
And hurled to ruin down the steep of sky.
Ah weep, god Larus, for thy lost belov'd,
By Tempest King so rudely cast to doom,

Ah weep, god Larus, since thy love no more
May cheer thee when thou seekest peace from strife,
No more may greet thee by the singing tide!
There was a solemn funeral by night,
The while the great Sea Mother wept for grief
And multitudes of maidens vainly mourned.
Then Larus laid away the lovëd form
And o'er the trackless darkness wandered lone.

Unsated still the King of Tempests raged,
With fury trebly on the Titans turned
Through many a cycle of consuming strife.
A glorious stand they made against his might,
Stubborned through æons of adversity,
Battling to hold their post against the foe.
With all their offspring ranged they on the shore,
Steadfast beneath the fiercest shock of storm;
But one by one they fell in valiant fight,
Prostrate and nerveless on the moaning strand.
The great Sea Mother then outreached her arms
To fold them fondly to her awful breast
Where they might brood in peace upon their woe.
Even Pyrites in his glist'ning mail,
And Porphery, the dauntless, fighting fell,
Leaving old Titan Granite hoar and lone
To battle for Cupressa, and to share
All burdens of the haunters of the shore,
All sorrows of the sea, all stress of storm.

L. of C.

THE MIST MAIDENS

In which is recounted the bringing of the rain from the sea

Deep in the haunted sea a Neriad host
Sported in vasty halls of splendid state,
Bannered with purple and enpaved with pearl,
Dim lighted with wan, wavering globes of fire,—
A mystic region of enchanting calm.
Dolphins with azure fins and milk-white breasts
About them glanced, and king-fish, scaled with hues
Of opal or of sun-bow, lashed the deep.
It was a wonder world so strange and still
That gods grew fearful when they trod its halls
And viewed its tapestries so richly wrought,
Its swaying phosphor lamps, its multitude
Of voiceless creatures stealing through the gloom,
Its caverns dark where scarce a glim of day
Reached down to warm the torpid things that clung
In cold recesses 'mid unending night.
There were enchanted forests never stirred
By roving winds, but in the pulsing sea
Slow waving their high tops that sought the light
In streaming amber ribbons, ribbed and curled.
Through these unearthly halls and groves roved free
In wanton joy the bright mist maiden band,—
The radiant offspring of th' eternal deep.
All peerless were they in their dim retreat,
With shimmering tresses and with bodies pale,
Mantled in pearls and zoned with coral bands,
And garlanded with sea-weed streaming free.

Sometimes they left the caves of ocean deep
To frolic in the boist'rous wave-tossed tide,
Chasing the Nereids 'mid flying foam
Or reveling in mist of storm-churned sea.

When from bright heav'n the Children of the Sun
Beheld this witching pageant of the spray,
They swept to ocean in exultant flight.
Their bucklers and their spears glanced bright with gold
And glitt'ring were their fair accouterments,
Their beamy locks and eyes all scintillant.
Amid the foam each seized a nymph at play
And fled high into heav'n with beauteous prize
Where ships of cloud were drifting idly by.
In these fair galleons of gold they sailed
Upon the azure deep, down streams of air
Where ne'er a ripple left their vessels' prows;
With royal sails out-hung they swiftly sped;
Toward land they voyaged, a godly company
Chanting glad pæans upon the starry night.
Above the sea, above the hills they passed,
O'er valleys wide they ranged and on the heights,
Snow-paved, they moored at eve their radiant fleet,
When forth the glad Mist Maidens leaped with song,
Pattering to earth with silver-sandaled feet.
Then was there joy amidst despairing flow'rs,
For these sea-spirits loved all tender things,
And with soft kisses did they give them cheer,
Wooing them from chill tombs to joy and light.
On woodland slopes and plains from heights to sea
Was such a hymeneal festival
As might have spelled old gods with wonderment

And gladdened back to youth time-weary things.
The lust'rous progeny of peerless Sun
Had ta'en the fairest daughters of the sea,
And for their spousal robed the earth in bloom.
I dare not say what wealth of laughing flow'rs
Danced as the breezes rippled up the hills—
What joyous bands of beauteous dryades
Gossamered in white and blue tossed heads in air,
What golden creatures swayed across the plains,
What Naiads tricked in pink and violet
Frisked in the greenery, or wantoned gay
Upon the marge of some wild chanting stream.
It was a nympholeptic fete of flow'rs,
A carnival of blossoms without peer,
A rhapsody of bloom the gods to spell.
Full joyous were the days with beauty bright,
Until forth sped the daughters of the sea,
Leaping adown mad cataracts at night
And gliding on in silver streams at noon.
They sought their own loved elemental deep;
For still the sea-mist filmed their sparkling eyes,
And caves of coral lured them to their home.
When they were vanished from all sylvan bowers
The Scions of the Sun with wrath were keen
And cruelly did they bestrew the flowers
Which late had decked the land in bridal wreaths.
Their spears flashed death amidst the shrinking host,
The green blades wilted and the blossoms sear
Lapsed back into their tombs of crumbling clay,
Since their loved Maidens of the Mist had fled.
Then marshaled the Sun Gods a Titan host
To stand as warders of their brides, to be

Reclaimëd from the waves glad to their groves.
A mighty concourse stood they on the hills:
The host Sequoia, stately and sublime.
All robed in green they reared their vasty heads
Towering amid the fleeting cloud-host's van
With whom they held unceasing converse high.
Then fared the Sun Gods forth upon the sea
And filched anew the Mist Maids for their groves,
Placing them tenderly where they might find
All earthly bliss but never 'scape the care
Of those high guardians in mantles green.
Again joy thrilled the heights, again the plains
Were broidered with bright tracery of flow'rs;
The hills were diademed with poppies gold,
With castilleias rathe and columbine;
The meadows shone with buttercups, the vales
Were splendid deck'd in lilies chaste as snow,
With dog-toothed violets and bronzëd bells
And fleurs-de-lis that proudly curled their lips.
Ah, might that gladsome time have been but spelled
Into an everlasting season of delight,
With meadows haunted by the host of heav'n,
And hymning seraphim on azure hills!
Alas, the Maidens of the Mist 'gain pine
For ocean grottoes with their mystic gloom,
For dolphins and rare convoluted shells,
Pearl tinted and frail formed, for all the dear
Remembered blisses lingering in the deep.
They moaned adown the streams and sobbed and cried
Where stood the multitude o'erwatching them,
And made appeal so piteous and lorn
As to bestir compassion in their lords.

The Sun Gods freed their loves with solemn pledge
That when the season had made half its round
They would return and with redoubled cheer
Call back with silver songs the birds and flow'rs,
Summoning all creatures to their holiday.
Thus in alternate round of shore and sea
The Maidens of the Mist have yearly ranged,
But still the sea holds leash upon their hearts
And eagerly they leap to meet its foam,
Save when the vast Sequoias and the race
Of woodland Titans—Spruce and Fir and Pine
Restrain full tenderly their hasting feet
And bid them tarry to make glad the flow'rs.

Evanished are those days of godly things
When on Hesperian shores, in fealty
To beauty, footed free the host of heav'n.
Their tenuous forms, like dreamland ghosts have flown,
To find new haunts on singing spheres afar.
But in our vales love tokens still abide
Of their blessed presence—birds and trees and flow'rs
To body forth their beauty still on earth.
O ye, to whom all things of life are dear
Who treasure the sweet carolings of birds,
The modest faces of spring posies bright,
The veinëd sheen of insects' vibrant wings,
The plash of fountains and the flow of streams,
With silvern fish amidst their quiet pools,—
Forget not that the mountain Titans still
Stand sentinel, transmuted to fair trees
That weave their branchëd arms above the springs
To treasure all their wealth of liquor sweet,—

Forget not that the passing of the groves
Means death to flow'rs and all of life most fair,
Means ravishment of earth and ruin wide,
Whereat the tender gods will weep afar
And cry out: "Stay, O vandals, stay thy greed
That beauty may not leave thee in despair."



ADDRESS TO THE GOD OF LIGHT

King of all bright and joyous gods of air
And peerless master of the spheres of light,
O glorious ruler in thy parel blue
Shining with thy own splendor through the void,
A multitude of spirits voice thy praise!
Thou hast engirdled earth with zone of cloud,
The waters thou hast scattered o'er the hills,
Thou hast ordained the winds, thy ministrants,
And summoned jocund birds to grace thy bow'rs.
At touch of thy bright wand the buds unfurl,
The waves all sparkle at thy joyous glance;
The world obeys thy mandate from afar.
The singing spheres in loud accord to thee
Address their harmonies, and all the throng
Of orbëd followers, in mighty strains
Augment thy majesty. Fair Earth is thine,
With her pale lesser child, and all the day
Thou castest benediction on her head!
Thy will is perfect law, thy word is light,
And thy sweet influence unites the world.
Life, at thy bidding, leaps from formless stone;
The gods of sea and land, of cloud and shore
All own thy sovereignty, majestic king!
Thou makest cold things warm with ardent touch,
Thou castest sorrow to the winds of night,
Thou fillest earth and heav'n with joy and love!

89
PH16 89

HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.
DEC 88
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962